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CALLAN

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* *

" LET'S KILL EVERYBODY "

Written by
RAY JENKINS

Associate Producer
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Designed by
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Producer
REGINALD COLLIN

Directed by
ROBERT TRONSON

* *

READ-THROUGH:	11.00 a.m. Friday, 1st March, 1968. Rehearsal Room 2A, Teddington.
CAMERA REH:	10.30 - Tuesday, 12th March, 1968. Studio Two, Teddington.
V.T.R.:	17.30 - Wednesday, 13th March, 1968.

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CAST

BREMER
MERES
GOULD
HUNTER
JENNY
CALLAN
LONELY
WALKER
PAULA
VOICE (SECRETARY)
FERGUSSON
EXTRAS AT WATER SCENE

SETS

HQ
CALLAN'S FLAT AND LANDING
PAULA'S FLAT
TAXI
CAR
PHONE BOOTH

FILM

UNIVERSITY SENATE (?)
KINGSTON

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INT. HQ. DAY

MERES IS WORKING ON BREMER WHO IS SITTING EXHAUSTED IN SHORT-SLEEVED SHIRT AND PANTS THE PROCESS IS WATCHED, APART, BY GOULD A JUNIOR MEMBER, HUNTER IS IN ROOM BEYOND.

MERES SWITCHES A TAPE RECORDER ON.

MERES: Listen Bremer...for your own good listen.

HE ADJUSTS VOLUME AS WE HEAR SILENCE THEN A MUTED SCREAM BY BREMER.

BREMER: (ON TAPE)...some-some...one is coming over.

MERES: (ON TAPE) Why.

PAUSE.

BREMER: (A LONG WHIMPERING SCREAM) Eliminate... your section.

MERES: All of it?

BREMER: Yes, yes, yes, yes.

MERES: Who is he? Who! Who!

SILENCE PUNCTURED BY PAINFUL WHIMPERS: MERES SIGNALS TO GOULD TO SWITCH IT OFF.

We still want to know who. (BREMER STARES) I'll let Mr. Gould here put the wire back on you Bremer - he's not civili ed like me - he could make mistakes, he's still learning his job. (GOULD SMILES FAINTLY)

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HUNTER: (COMING THROUGH) Who's doing the job, Bremer? Who's coming over. To eliminate us? (PUTTING A SHEET OF PAPER BEFORE BREMER'S EYES) any of these?

MERES: You're a clever man Bremer, but (SAVAGELY TIPS THE MAN'S HEAD UP) even you can't read with your eyes shut!

BREMER STARES IMPASSIVELY AT THE PAPER.

HUNTER: Start at the top. Riccardo -

BREMER SPITS SHORTLY AT THE PAPER.

MERES: Manners!

SWIFTLY AND EFFICIENTLY MERES HAULS BREMER UPRIGHT AND DROPS HIM OVER THE CHAIR. BREMER SLUMPS TO THE FLOOR.

MERES: Get up!

HUNTER: Alright leave him -

MERES: (TURNING) but sir - I only need -

BREMER, SEIZING THE HALF-CHANCE DIVES UP ONTO THE DESK.

GOULD: Look out sir!

AND ONTO A PAPER SPIKE: HE LIES STILL. SILENCE.

HUNTER: You turned away Meres. (TO GOULD) Remember that.

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HUNTER PRESSES A BUTTON AND THE CURTAINS SLIDE BACK REVEALING DAY.

HIS SILENCE IS THE SILENCE OF A MAN GALVANISING HIMSELF FOR ACTION.

(RAPIDLY) Alright - and I left the spike - we all make mistakes - once. (PRESSES INTERCOM BUTTON) We're fighting for our lives, gentlemen.

VOICE: Yes sir.

HUNTER: Emergency. Plan D.

VOICE: Yes sir.

HUNTER: Notify all personnel immediately. Code D. Fieldwork discontinued.

VOICE: Yes, sir.

HE FLICKS OFF.

HUNTER: (TO MERES AND GOULD) Move!

THEY SCOOT. HUNTER DIALS.

2. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

CALLAN IS FINISHING SHAVING: THE PHONE RINGS.

CALLAN: (SOV) Not today, mother.

THE DOORBELL BUZZES WITH THE PHONE. CALLAN PAUSES FRACTIONALLY PUTS ON A SHIRT KEEPS THE RAZOR AND MOVES. HOLDING HIS NECK AWKWARDLY TO THE DOOR, HAVING PICKED UP THE PHONE MOMENTARILY AND DROPPED IT BACK, IT STOPS, THE BUZZER REPEATS.

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JENNY: (OV) It's me! Jenny! Hurry!

HE OPENS THE DOOR: JENNY LAWTHER, 25, GORGEOUS ARMS FULL OF BOOKS, BREAD AND VEGETABLES AND A LARGE PARCEL COMES IN: SHE PECKS CALLAN.

JENNY: Why do you always take so long opening the door?

CALLAN: Habit.

HE LOCKS IT, RESETS THE CHAIN, SHE DUMPS THE BUNDLES THANKFULLY.

JENNY: You're a very bizarre invalid.

CALLAN: Uh - huh.

JENNY: (GOING TO HIM) But quite nice.

CALLAN: You're not so bad yourself.

JENNY: Good.

SHE KISSES THE END OF HIS NOSE, HE HOLDS HER.

JENNY: Alright, so you're getting better, but you should be taking things easy. Having a cyst removed still tends to drain...(GENTLY) Not now.

CALLAN: Not now's never.

JENNY: I've got a lesson.

CALLAN: I've got a pain.

JENNY: Precisely.

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CALLAN:(PUTTING THE RAZOR BACK) You're supposed to encourage the wounded, not give him complexes.

JENNY: You're not a giraffe, you're not all neck, you know. All you need is rest. Out you come. (HE COMES OUT OF THE BATHROOM: TIEING A TIE) Anyway, I've bought something - so, Mr. Eagerneed, while you pour some of your abominable cooking-sherry or whatever it is, I'll prepare (CLOSING THE DOOR) don't you ever work.

CALLAN: Yeah.

JENNY: You never tell me what though.

CALLAN: Thas right.

JENNY: Why?

CALLAN: It's a bore.

JENNY: Pass the parcel.

HE DOES SO, FEELING EXPERIMENTALLY AND SMILING WHEN HE FEELS ITS CLOTHES. HE THEN POURS A DRINK.

CALLAN:(SOV) You're going over old mate, you like her. Steady. Never know where she's been dragged up.

THE PHONE RINGS.

3. INT. H.Q. DAY.

HUNTER AT HIS CLEARED DESK.

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CALLAN: (DISTORT) Yeah.

HUNTER: Charlie here.

CALLAN:Sir?

HUNTER: You resting?

CALLAN: Not much.

HUNTER: Then come over here.

CALLAN: Like hell.

HUNTER: I want you here immediately.

CALLAN: Get somebody else. You've got enough old lags hanging about. I'm still sick.

HUNTER: Make sure you're not followed.

CALLAN: I always do.

HUNTER: Then make double sure.

PAUSE.

CALLAN: Maybe something's going to happen to me?

HUNTER: Callan. This is an order. I need you. Now.

4. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY.

HUNTER: (D) Emergency D.

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CALLAN FROWNS AT THE IMPORTANCE OF THIS.

JENNY:(OV) I'm ready.

CALLAN: Right. But it'd better be.

CALLAN REPLACES THE PHONE.

JENNY: (OV) Who was it.

CALLAN: Me Auntie Flo. She's 95 and a bit of a bother.

HE TURNS. SHE'S WEARING CANOEING GEAR, TIGHTS, A LARGE CHUNKY COLOURED PULLOVER, A SKI-CAP WITH BOBBLE AND AN OPEN ANORAK, SHE LOOKS DEVASTATINGLY YOUNG AND FRESH: SHE PIROUTTES SLOWLY. SILENCE.

JENNY: (SHY) Well? (CALLAN WALKS ROUND HER)

CALLAN: Oi. You doing it on purpose.

JENNY: What?

CALLAN: Making the blood run again.

JENNY: (FLUSHED) Maybe.

CALLAN: What's it for.

JENNY: Canoeing. My other hobby (KISSES HIM)

CALLAN: Listen,love, I've got to go out. I'm sorry.

JENNY: But.....

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CALLAN: Auntie, if I don't go, she'll never leave me her money.

5. INT. HEADQUARTERS. DAY.

HUNTER, GOULD, MERES.

HUNTER: Everybody in the Section cross-covers everybody else. That's all seen to. Nobody comes here (HE TAPS THE PHONE) All contact is through this and only then for reports; or in emergency. All other jobs are off for the meantime. Remember they've got tabs on the lot of us, they could strike any time. That's the point of cross-cover. The essence is speed not panic.

MERES: (TROUBLED) You'll stay here, sir?

HUNTER: If they choose to bomb the place they must know by now only I'll be in it - not the trackers. (TO GOULD) You cover Callan.

GOULD: Yes. sir.

HUNTER: For what it's worth you soak yourself in him, when he runs, you run, when he blows his nose you cound the decibels.

MERES: And his girl sir?

MERES LOOKS UP.

HUNTER: What girl?

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MERES: He's keeping the nurse who was at the Mander Clinic.

HUNTER: (EYES NARROWED) (TO GOULD) Watch her, too. And for your own sake hope they stay together, get round there now (GOULD NODS AND EXITS) And you watch Gould.

MERES: A Junior Member.

HUNTER: It's an old way of working off a mistake.

MERES AND GOULD GO. HUNTER SPEAKS INTERCOM.

HUNTER: I want photostats and Labour permits and photographs for everybody who's been allowed into the country over the last month. That's urgent.

VOICE: (DISTORT) Very good sir.

6. INT. TAXI. DAY.

BP UNIVERSITY SENATE. IN THE BACK JENNY IS RE-READING HER ESSAY TO HERSELF. MOUTHING SOME SENTENCES.

CALLAN: I'll just drop you and then take the taxi on to Aunty's.

TROUBLED, CALLAN SHIFTS UNOBTRUSIVELY NEARER THE OFFSIDE: IN THE OFFSIDE MIRROR WE SEE AN MG MOO FOLLOWING.

JENNY: What's up?

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CALLAN:(TOUCHING HIS NECK) It gets a bit awkward.

JENNY: Poor you. (PAUSE) I'm sure all this makes nonsense, I haven't read enough.

CALLAN: You have much time for anything in that clinic?

JENNY:(FOND) Big men with sore necks - yes: - otherwise no.

CALLAN: The place didn't look that full up to me.

JENNY: Dr. Walker would say that's efficiency (MIMIC) "clutter, Nurse Lawther, is dirt, and dirt is disease, disease is anti-social, what is anti-social must be removed!" Unquote.

CALLAN:(STILL CHECKING) He'd be a right one in the National Health Service. Why didn't I see him?

JENNY: He never meets his patients - so you saw me instead.

CALLAN: I don't like people seeing me when I can't see them.

JENNY: If you pay for a private clinic you have to put up with -

CALLAN: Friends paid for me.

JENNY: Anyway, I promised, I wouldn't mention my work after I'd left. He was sorry to see me go.

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CALLAN: Why did he let you?

JENNY: Because I wanted to.

CALLAN: He must've been sorry.

JENNY: (SIMPLY) I wanted to go with you.

CALLAN: First right!

JENNY: But this isn't the -

CALLAN: First right - now!

THE CAR SWERVES QUICKLY, TO THE RIGHT, AND JENNY ENDS UP AGAINST CALLAN.

Good eh?

JENNY: But this isn't the -

CALLAN: It's another way.

A QUICK CHECK SHOWS THE MG 1100 STILL FOLLOWING.

CALLAN: What number's your tutor's flat.

JENNY: (CHECKING) Uh...74.

CALLAN: Pull in!

THE TAXI STOPS AS DOES THE MG: CALLAN PECKS HER QUICKLY AND SHE FINDS HERSELF OUTSIDE.

JENNY: Why-why what's happening.

CALLAN: You need the exercise - remember.

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JENNY: (BEWILDERED) But you - will you be alright?

CALLAN: See you. (HE RAPS THE WINDOW) Right Lonely, play silly buggers, anywhere you like.

LONELY: Yes Mr. Callan.

CALLAN SETTLES BACK THE MG FOLLOWS.

7. INT. PAULA'S FLAT. DAY.

THE FLAT IS SMALL, BUT COVERED WITH PRINTS: BOOKS EVERYWHERE: IT IS A DON'S LAIR. PAULA GOODMAN, MID-THIRTIES, VERY ATTRACTIVE AND SOFT VOICED: UNDER THE CONFUSION AND SLIGHT DOTTINESS SHE GIVES THE IMPRESSION OF MUTED EFFICIENCY AND GREAT WARMTH: BELL RINGS: SHE WORKS: BELL RINGS.

PAULA: It's open (JENNY COMES IN, BREATHLESS AND STANDS THERE) (BALNKLY) Yes?

JENNY: Proff. Goodman?

PAULA: Dr. Goodman, yes.

JENNY: I'm sorry, Doctor, I'm Jenny Lawther. Professor Manseen said I'd been transferred to you for tutorials.

PAULA CONSULTS A LIST.

PAULA: Lawther...Lawther...ah! Of course - the nurse!

JENNY: Ex-nurse.

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PAULA: Touche! Oh do sit down my dear.... (SHE CLEARS A CHAIR OF BOOKS AND JENNY SITS) you must forgive the mess - my life's one long battle with the forces of disorder - of which I am the chief culprit - those books must go back. But somehow one never has the time - I'm rather like the old woman in the shoe you'll find - I've got so many books I don't know what to do.

SHE STARES AT HER WORK.

PAULA:(CONTD) Tawney - ugh! The more I study the Trade Union Movement, the more ovbious it seems to me that there's only one choice open to it - it must become a direct political force - or give up. What do you think?

JENNY: (CONFUSED) I don't know...I don't know much about Trade Unions. My father was a shop-steward - but he ...he really didn't know much about it, I think. You know - about things.

PAULA: He wouldn't be alone in that - in the rank and file. Well my dear - I see you're clutching some thoughts for the week - what are they?

JENNY: I'd been given an essay -

PAULA: Ah!

JENNY: 'Europe's place in a worldwide Balance of Power.

SHE STARES UNHAPPILY AT PAULA.

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PAULA: (SMILING) Wow!

JENNY: Wow.

SHE RELAXES AS PAULA PULLS A DESPAIRING FACE.

PAULA: I think we'd better start at the bottom, my dear, not at the top! Don't you agree?

JENNY: (RELAXING) Please.

PAULA: Not that I think for a minute that women are weak - on the contrary - but I do think our humble minds can best contribute in less rarified directions. Let's have coffee - and leave Power to the Powerful! For now.

8. INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

GOULD ENTERS, CHECKS HIS SOLITUDE AND DIALS.

9. INT. HQ. DAY.

HUNTER: Charlie.

GOULD: (DISTORT) Gould here sir. I've lost Callan. Sir. I've checked back at his place sir. He's not there.

HUNTER: He would'nt be. He's coming here.

PAUSE.

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GOULD:(D) If I'm supposed to be covering him sir - why should be slip me?

HUNTER: He doesn't know. Besides, Callan can smell a tail at half-a-mile. I said cover him not ride on his back. What about the girl?

10. INT. PHONE BOOTH. DAY.

GOULD: I couldn't stay with both of them sir. I followed Callan. He dropped her in Stanley Street.

SUDDENLY HE IS WHEELED ROUND AND TURNED BACK AGAINST THE SIDE WINDOW AND THE PHONE TORN FROM HIS GRASP BEFORE HE REALISES WHAT IS HAPPENING: CALLAN (SWEATING) HOLDS HIM BY A NECK NERVE WITH HIS LEFT HAND WHILE HE PICKS UP THE DANGLING PHONE... AND LISTENS INTO IT. SILENCE.

11. INT. HQ. DAY.

HUNTER, SLIGHTLY PUZZLED, BUT HARDLY SHOWING IT, LISTENS TO THE STRUGGLE AND SILENCE. WE HEAR CALLAN BLOW THROUGH THE PHONE. HUNTER REACTS AND FROWNS. THE PHONE GOES DOWN HUNTER FLICKS HIS INTERCOM.

HUNTER: (ANGRY) Where was Meres' last report from?

VOICE: (DISTORT) University Senate House, sir.

HUNTER: (RELIEVED) Ah.

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VOICE: The Labour Permit photostats have arrived sir.

HUNTER: Good. Bring them in.

SECRETARY ENTERS WITH PHOTOSTATS.

SECRETARY: (D) Dr. Walker on the phone sir.

HUNTER: Good.

A CLICK.

Walker?

WALKER: (DISTORT) Hunter?

INTERCUT WALKER AND HUNTER.

HUNTER: This girl Lawther, Jenny Lawther. Why did you let her go?

WALKER: Mander Clinic happens to be a private hospital as well Hunter. In my line of work, I regard non-dedication as a liability.

HUNTER: Wasn't she any good?

WALKER: Extremely good. She had the best qualifications. She was a very good theatre nurse. But she was losing interest.

HUNTER: Why?

WALKER: Apart from finding your man Callan... attractive, I really can't find a reason.
HUNTER: Callan's unimportant. She'd been vetted?

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WALKER: Of course. I'm surprised you should find it necessary to ask such a question.

HUNTER: Has she ever been abroad?

WALKER: I think so, yes, to Switzerland. Last Summer. It's all in her file.

HUNTER: Thank you Doctor.

WALKER: Really I can't imagine why you should be so anxious, but if you think I can help in any other way I could come round.

HUNTER: (LOOKING UP, FRACTIONALLY) That's out of the question.

WALKER: (A BEAT) Of course.

HUNTER: I'm surprised you should find it necessary to make such a suggestion.

WALKER: Touche!

HUNTER: Thank you doctor.

HE HANGS UP: FLICKS THE INTERCOM.

VOICE: (D) Sir?

HUNTER: Let me have the closed files on the Mander Clinic personnel again will you?

VOICE: Very good sir.

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HUNTER: Any sign of Callan?

VOICE: (D) No sir. Nor from Mr. Gould sir.

HE FLICKS OFF: GOES BACK SLOWLY TO HIS PHOTOSTATS.

12. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY

LONELY AND CALLAN CARRY IN THE UNCONSCIOUS GOULD AND DUMP HIM. CALLAN IS IN PAIN.

LONELY: He's a friend of yours, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: He worries about me.

LONELY: I never seen you sweat before Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: Compared to you old son I give off eau-de-cologne. (HE GIVES LONELY A NOTE) For the petrol.

LONELY: You swear you're alright Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: Beat it.

HE CROSSES TO THE DOOR.

LONELY: What about if he wakes up - I mean in your condition.

CALLAN: (UNLOCKING THE DOOR) Out!

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LONELY SCOOTS, MERES MOVES SMARTLY IN, CALLAN LOCKS THE DOOR.

MERES: Your friends leave a lot to be desired - God that man reeks.

CALLAN: (SNIFFS) I don't notice any change.

MERES: (SMILING) You look ill.

CALLAN: It's the company.

CALLAN POURS HIMSELF A DRINK: MERES LOOSENS GOULD'S TIE.

Leave him.

MERES: He's one of us, old chap. (CALLAN STOPS DRINKING FRACTIONALLY) Simon Gould, born the loving son of a certain Colonel and Mrs. Andrew Gould, farmer, Buckingham, Bucks, Junior Member.

CALLAN: What's the gag?

MERES: No gags old man. He's your cover.

CALLAN: He's still wet behind the ears!

MERES: We all make mistakes. I watched your...phoning technique Callan: quite impressive for a sick man I thought - (HE LOOKS AT GOULD) I'm his cover.

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CALLAN: Why the panic?

MERES: There's an agent. He knows us all. He's got orders to kill every man in the section. Even the old man's given up sleep!

CALLAN: Sad.

MERES: But you don't have to worry. They're kind to cripples.

A PAUSE

CALLAN: O.K. Meres - who's after us?

MERES: (SAVAGE) That's just the trouble old son - we don't know.

13. INT. PAULA'S FLAT. DAY

JENNY AND PAULA ARE BOTH DRINKING TEA

PAULA: How old are you my dear?

JENNY: Twenty-six.

PAULA: And why did you give up nursing?

JENNY: I....I lost interest.

PAULA: (SHE IS MAKING NOTES) Do you usually just - 'give up' if you lose interest?

JENNY: Yes.

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PAULA: The jump from highly qualified nursing to History seems - if you don't mind me saying so - unusual.

JENNY: I don't see why. Eventually I want to teach. I liked history at school - so choosing it as a subject seems very obvious to me.

PAULA: You still have to prove yourself in exams.

JENNY: (EVENLY) When I'm involved, I work all hours. The country's crying out for teachers.

PAULA: Ah - then your choice of history has a political motive?

JENNY: No - one lot's as bad as the other lot as far as I'm concerned.

PAULA: You are an interesting girl. Did anyone influence you in your decision to change?

JENNY: No. I'm sorry but I don't see what right you have to -

PAULA: If we are to get on together - and I think we will - then we need to know just a few facts about each other. Does that seem unreasonable?

JENNY: No.

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PAULA: Good. But the moment you think my questions are an invasion of your privacy you must tell me - and I'll shut up.

THEY GRIN AT EACH OTHER

I think I've grilled you enough. But if ever you're in....well if things get a trifle difficult - I'm always here. You are free to come and go - you have no need to knock on that door - you can walk straight in - Alright?

JENNY NODS HAPPILY.

Now let's have a look at Europe - the sick man of the world.

14. INT. HQ. DAY

HUNTER IS WORKING ON HIS PHOTOSTATS. CUs OF THE PHOTOGRAPHS.

VOICE: (OV) Callan's here sir.

HUNTER: (OV) Send him in.

HUNTER LOOKS AT PHOTOSTAT OF PAULA GOODMAN.

END OF PART ONE

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PART TWO

15. INT. HQ. DAY

HUNTER AND CALLAN

CALLAN: What's the opposition? Hunter?

HUNTER: Sit down.

CALLAN: I'm O.K.

HUNTER: You took your time getting here.

CALLAN: You said make double sure you're not followed. I did. Then I had to get Mees and Gould off me back.

HUNTER: They're there for your protection.

CALLAN: God help us.

HUNTER: That I can't arrange.

CALLAN: The opposition? Sir?

HUNTER FLICKS A SWITCH AND THE SCREEN LIGHTS UP WITH A STILL OF AN ELDERLY MAN AND BREMER IN A HOT GARDEN.

HUNTER: Seen him before.

CALLAN: There's two.

HUNTER: The one on the left - Bremer.

CALLAN: No.

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HUNTER: He's dead. He died where you are now. Ex-SS escape organiser. High spot in his life was supplying Martin Borrman with a truck and civvies. Then he disappeared but after Algeria he turned up in Angola and then in Lisbon - with the dear old gentleman there - Eugene Olvidos. He is as near as we can get to the head of O.F.F.

CALLAN LOOKS BLANK

Organisation for Freedom, Callan. They make Fascists look like outside-lefts. What makes them nasty is they cream off ex-Nazi and ex-colonial territory intelligence staff - the dedicated boyos. They're sort of free-lance mensa mercenaries, only they don't blow up pillar-boxes, they blow up National Security Sections. They're all bright, ruthless and right round the twist.

CALLAN: Who pays?

HUNTER: Anybody who wants them. Bremer was picked up in Aden off a flight from Cairo.

CALLAN: The Arabs?

HUNTER REACTS

HUNTER: Now all we got from Bremer is they know this Section; we've been seen using this building; and they've appointed their executioner - he's in London. Somewhere.

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CALLAN: If they can pick out the Section sir it must be an inside job.

HUNTER: Everybody's been checked and double-checked.

HUNTER STARES MOODILY AT THE STILL: THEN SWITCHES OFF.

CALLAN: Then I reckon we haven't a monkey's.

HUNTER: We think there's only one operator and he can't kill the lot if they're dispersed. The Section've orders to keep away from here as much as possible, hence the double cover, hence the telephone calls. What did you do to Gould?

CALLAN: Measured his neck.

HUNTER: Next time ask me.

CALLAN: Next time tell me things - like why you've got me in here with them watching.

HUNTER: You should have come when you were told. I've no time for explanations or fine definitions. Every second's at a premium.

CALLAN SHRUGS AND SITS

This section hasn't been built up for years for some maniac to blow it to bits. You watch -

CALLAN: Meres. (RUBS HIS NECK) I'm not really.....

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PAUSE

HUNTER: Who've you...contacted in the last six weeks.

CALLAN: (A BEAT) Jenny? (VO) (The oldest trick in the business) It couldn't be her, sir.

HUNTER GOES BACK TO HIS PHOTOSTATS.

HUNTER: She's a student now, I gather. Intellectuals can be dangerous Callan and certainly vulnerable.

CALLAN: But I set that up.

HUNTER: Did you.

CALLAN LEANS OVER AND FLICKS THE INTERCOM.

VOICE: (D) Yes sir.

CALLAN: Let me out of here, love. I feel sick.

16. INT. TAXI DAY.

PAULA, WITH A HUGE PILE OF BOOKS, AND JENNY: LONELY DRIVES.

PAULA: Ugh! This cab really does smell.

AS SHE REACHES INSIDE HER BAG, IT DROPS, SPILLING A LIPSTICK TUBE: JENNY REACHES FOR IT - BUT IS SOMEWHAT HARSHLY BEATEN TO IT BY PAULA.

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JENNY: You've dropped -

PAULA: (SHARPLY) No! I'll manage.

SHE PICKS IT UP AND PUTS IT BACK QUICKLY.

PAULA: The junk one carries around - even old lipsticks!

SHE PULLS OUT A SPRAY.

JENNY: You are a shop!

PAULA: (SQUIRTING A SPRAY) One comes prepared for every contingency.

JENNY: You'd've approved of my old boss, he loved efficiency.

PAULA: (LIPSTICKING) And no doubt succeeded. I'm sorry I was rude my dear - but - the truth is - I keep my sleeping-pills in that old lipstick tube. You don't mind us sharing - I must hand these tones back.

JENNY: Not at all - but I'm in a hurry I'm canoeing at six.

PAULA: (READING BEHIND HER WITH HER FACE MIRROR - IT'S CLEAR) Well - we'll drop you off first - my business can wait that long.

SHE RAPS THE GLASS

Driver!!

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LONELY: Yes lady.

PAULA: Not to the Senate - where exactly my dear?

JENNY: Duke William Street, Bayswater. (SMILES AT PAULA) It's my boy friends.

WE SEE PAULA AND LONELY'S RESPECTIVE REACTIONS.

LONELY: Right you are miss.

THE TAXI SWERVES TO THE LEFT.

17. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT

VERY LATE. JENNY, EXHAUSTED AND STIFF, IS HAVING HER NECK MASSAGED.

JENNY: Oh! Oh! Oh! No - a bit lower.... aaaaaaaah!

CALLAN: Serves you right.

JENNY: Sadist.

CALLAN: Better?

JENNY: Thanks. I think....I can just about move my eyes.

CALLAN: (HOLDING HER COFFEE CUP UP) Can you see this?

JENNY: Vaguely.

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CALLAN: Drink it.

HE WATCHES HER DRINK

JENNY: Hello.

CALLAN: Hello.

JENNY: Why I'm stiff's got nothing to do with paddling - it was sitting outside on those blasted steps waiting for you to come home. You must be exhausted - where on earth were you?

CALLAN: Working.

JENNY: (EYES CLOSED) The mysterious night-prowler - Mr. Jekyll.

CALLAN: You could've gone back to your place.

JENNY: But I didn't.

CALLAN: Why do you come here?

JENNY: (SIMPLY) Because you won't come to me.

PAUSE

Don't you trust me?

CALLAN: How?

JENNY: Well - with a key. I won't peep in drawers.

CALLAN: Why?

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JENNY: Alright. You don't trust me.

CALLAN: I don't know you.

JENNY: I don't know you. But I love you.

SILENCE.

CALLAN: Big words.

JENNY: Uh-huh.

SILENCE

JENNY: (SOFT) What do I have to do to prove it, Callan?

CALLAN: Empty your handbag.

JENNY: (A BEAT) Alright.

SHE GETS UP, COLLECTS THE BAG AND OFFERS IT.

CALLAN: Turn it out.

JENNY: You. You want to.

CALLAN EMPTIES HER BAG ONTO THE COFFEE TABLE SORTING OUT THE BITS AND PIECES SEPARATELY AND QUICKLY: ALMOST UNSEEN HE CHECKS THE LINING. JENNY WATCHES

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HIM CLOSE-FACED.

JENNY: They're no secrets.

CALLAN: Don't make me feel dirty.

JENNY: (TURNING) You look it.

CALLAN: Sit down love.

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER, THEN SHE SITS. HE TAKES APART A LOCKET - JENNY GASPS AS IT SPRINGS OPEN. PAUSE.

CALLAN: Hair?

JENNY NODS, BITING HER LIP.

CALLAN: Your mum?

JENNY: Eric. My brother. He was killed in Korea. With the Gloucesters.

CALLAN GENTLY PUTS IT BACK AND CLOSES THE LOCKET, FANNING DOWN PHOTOGRAPHS LIKE A HAND OF CARDS.

CALLAN: That why you left the Clinic? You couldn't stand the dead!

PAUSE.

JENNY: Yes.

CALLAN: Many die in the Clinic?

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JENNY: I don't know. All I know is - from time to time we had rather desperate emergency ops to do - usually gun wounds or acid. Dr. Walker did all he could.

CALLAN HOLDS UP A PHOTOGRAPH.

CALLAN: That why you keep this photo?

SILENCE.

JENNY: No.

CALLAN: Why then, love.

JENNY: There's another girl in that snap. Sheila. She was my best friend. She died in Zurich last year.

CALLAN: How?

JENNY: Food poisoning. Dr. Walker -

CALLAN: 'Did all he could'.

JENNY: - flew over specially! (ANGRY) You want me to tear it up? Will it prove anything?

CALLAN: No love. If you're what I don't want you to be you'd've left it back home.

JENNY: I wish I understodd.

CALLAN: Don't try love.

PAUSE.

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JENNY: Callan. I'm not blind. And I'm not stupid. I knew Mander was a Security Clinic. Anybody who goes there is...either a victim or...some kind of agent. Like Sheila. Like you.

SILENCE.

CALLAN: That's why I can't trust you.

JENNY BITES BACK HELPLESS TEARS.

JENNY: Oh God! Why go gay! Why fly over the rooftops! You see a man - you want to touch him, go on touching him - he's in a world where you can't say simple things. It's like forbidden fruit.

TEARS POUR DOWN HER FACE AS SHE TRIES TO CONTROL THEM. SILENCE.

(HOPELESS) I'm tired. I want to go to bed.

CALLAN KISSES HER NOSE GENTLY.

Just don't say - anything. I'm tired.

18. INT. HQ. DAY.

HUNTER IS SHAVING WITH AN ELECTRIC RAZOR. HIS INTERCOM BUZZES.

HUNTER: Yes?

VOICE: (DISTORT) Gould sir.

HUNTER: Put him on.

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VOICE: (D) Very good sir.

HUNTER PICKS UP HIS PHONE AND FLICKS OFF HIS RAZOR.

HUNTER: Charlie.

GOULD: (DISTORT) The girl sir. Nurse Lawther. Do I stick with her now Callan is on Meres?

HUNTER: What's she doing?

GOULD: (D) If she's not with Callan - she boats, goes to lectures at the University or attends tutorials at 74, Tennyson Street,

HUNTER: Who's the tutor?

GOULD: I don't know sir.

HUNTER: Find out. All you can.

GOULD: And I leave Callan, sir?

HUNTER: He can look after himself.

HE FLICKS OFF: FLICKS HIS RAZOR BACK ON AND SELECTS RAPIDLY AND CONCENTRATING SEVEN OR EIGHT PHOTOSTATS AND PUTS THEM ASIDE. HIS EYES NARROWING.

19. INT. TAXI. DAY.

STATIONARY: CALLAN DEEP IN ONE CORNER WATCHES THROUGH THE WINDOW.

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CALLAN: Put it on 'HIRE', Lonely.

LONELY DOES THIS JUST AS MERES GETS INTO THE TAXI.

CALLAN: (CONT/D) Round the block.

LONELY FLICKS THE 'HIRE' DOWN: THE TAXI STARTS AND MERES PULLS A FACE AND CLOSES THE PARTITION.

CALLAN: This operator - why's he so slow?

MERES: No doubt making sure, old son.

CALLAN: Nobody been done yet?

MERES: No. Still, till one of us fails to phone in - you can't tell, can you?

CALLAN: Where's Gould?

MERES: Tailing your lady love.

CALLAN: What're you doing here then?

MERES: He's in the next street.

CALLAN: (LOOKING QUICKLY AT HIS WATCH) Jenny'll still be at lectures, she's not due there till four.

MERES: (A BEAT) We'd better check him.

CALLAN: (CALLING) Left here, Lonely.

HE CLOSES THE PARTITION.

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MERES: There's Gould.

CALLAN: And no Jenny.

MERES: I'll have a word with him.

CALLAN: Not in here you won't.

HE RAPS THE PARTITION: THE TAXI STOPS.

MERES: Your manners never improve.

CALLAN: Nor does your technique.

MERES: (GETTING OUT) Be seeing you.

CALLAN: You won't. But I'll be right behind.

20. INT. PAULA'S FLAT. DAY.

IN THE FAR CORNER PAULA IS ON THE PHONE, JENNY OPENS DOOR, LOOKS IN. SEES PAULA ON PHONE AND IS ABOUT TO GO - BUT CATCHES CALLAN'S NAME. FROWNS, THEN DOES GO. PAULA JUST CATCHES SIGHT OF HER.

PAULA: Yes - I know this isn't the time to ring...of course, please forgive me - that is exactly my opinion...(STIFFLY)...I thought you should know, someone called Gould has been here, from Intelligence...I guessed. It was pretty obvious...and there's Callan of course...just a moment...
PAULA IS ANGRY BUT QUITE CALM. SHE KNOWS SHE HAS BEEN OVERHEARD.

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21. INT. HQ. NIGHT.

HUNTER ADJUSTING HIS TIE AND RUBBING HIS EYES COMES TO HIS DESK: HE FLICKS THE TAPE RECORDER ON (ATTACKED TO THE PHONE) IT TURNS SILENTLY. HE SWITCHES IT OFF, LOOKS AT HIS WATCH AND FLICKS HIS INTERCOMM.

HUNTER: What's happened to the reports?

VOICE: (DISTORT) All reports are in, sir. On your desk. Except for Mr. Gould and Mr. Meres.

HUNTER: What about Callan's?

VOICE: (D) Normal sir.

HUNTER: If cCallan's reported, what the hell're the others doing? Get me Meres' private number.

VOICE: Very good sir.

22. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.

CALLAN: What?

JENNY: She mentioned your name on the phone.

CALLAN: You've told her about me?

JENNY: No!!

CALLAN: What did she say?

JENNY: I can't remember exactly - but how does she know about you?

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CALLAN: Just..try and remember the words.

JENNY: (PAUSE) She said something like Gould from Intelligence ...then 'and there's Callan, of course'.

SILENCE.

JENNY: Darling - are you in trouble? (SILENCE) Who's Gould?

CALLAN: Why?

JENNY: Oh for heaven's sake -

CALLAN: What's going on, pet, behind those big blue eyes. Who the hell're you kidding?

JENNY: You're hurting me! I worry deep down, and you still don't trust -

JENNY GIVES UP: AND LOOKS FOR HER COAT.

JENNY: (TIRED) Can you take me home, David?

CALLAN: Why?

JENNY: I want to. Dr. Goodman badgering me in the day and you at night.

THEY STARE AT EACH OTHER.

CALLAN: When do you see her again?

JENNY: Not till next Wednesday, thank goodness. (CALLAN LOOKS RELIEVED AS HE SLIDES THE CHAIN) I'm so..mixed up. I feel like throwing the whole..thing up.

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CALLAN: I'll see you home.

23. INT. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT.
GOULD DIALS. PAULA APPEARS, UNSEEN BY HIM, BUT CLOSE ENOUGH TO GET TO THE DOOR QUICKLY.

HUNTER: (DISTORT) Charlie.

GOULD: Gould here sir -

24. INT, HQ. NIGHT.

HUNTER: Where've you been, Gould?

GOULD: With Meres sir. He saw me home!

HUNTER: Then why're you out?

GOULD: (D) I forgot to phone in earlier.

HUNTER: Do you know how much it costs to train one of you people, Gould? Is this the best you can do?

GOULD: I'm - I'm making my report -

THERE IS A SHORT SILENCE THEN A TERRIFYING SUFFOCATING SCREAM FROM GOULD. HUNTER RLICKS HIS INTERCOMM.

HUNTER: Get this call traced!

VOICE: (D) Very good sir.

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25. INT. PHONE BOOTH. NIGHT.

PAULA, LEANING WITH HER BACK AND WEIGHT AGAINST THE BOOTH DOOR, CALMLY REPLACES THE CAP TO HER LIPSTICK. INSIDE GOULD TWISTS HIMSELF HORRIBLY THEN SLUMPS, CLAWING AT THE WINDOWS. SHE WALKS QUIETLY AWAY.

26. INT. HQ. NIGHT:

VOICE:(D) Meres reporting sir.

HUNTER: That other one traced yet?

VOICE: No sir.

HUNTER: Put him on.

CLICK.

Charlie.

MERES: (D) Meres sir -

HUNTER: Where the blazes were you three minutes ago?

MERES: (D) Do you really want to know sir?

HUNTER: Alright - what've you got?

MERES: (D) Normal report sir. Gould's tucked up in bed -

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HUNTER: Is he hell. He may well be dead! (PAUSE) Well?

MERES: I saw him back sir!

HUNTER: He went out again.

MERES: (D) And that's my fault?

HUNTER: I suppose not. Where's the nearest phone booth to his place.

MERES: Elgin Street,end of Lammas Terrace.

HUNTER: Get round there and stop the uniforms getting at him. Take Forrester as cover. Fast! (HE CUTS HIM OFF) Get me Callan.

27. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. NIGHT.
THE PHONE RINGS IN THE DARKNESS: AND THEN STOPS.

28. INT. PAULA'S FLAT. NIGHT.
PAULA AND JENNY WHO HAS JUST ARRIVED.

PAULA: Why didn't you stay yesterday?

JENNY IS EMBARRASSED.

JENNY: Oh...I...thought you were busy..and...

PAULA: (SMILES) And?

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JENNY: Well....I was only opopping in to say...I couldn't stay...there was a special lecture....

PAULA: Oh yes? Interesting?

JENNY: Yes....I'm sorry I burst in on you, phoning.

PAULA: If one permits freedom one must accept the abuses that go with it.

JENNY: Abuses?

SHE HELPS JENNY OFF WITH HER COAT.

PAULA: A figure of speech my dear.

JENNY: It's all right, I...

PAULA: You are out of breath.

JENNY: I've been running.

PAULA: Are my...lessons so devouring that you don't wish to waste a second of them?

JENNY SMILES.

JENNY: I didn't want to be late.

PAULA: Well, that's good. I may seem odd and disorganised, Jenny. But I admire punctuality. (SMILES) It's a national
fault, perhaps.

JENNY: National?

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PAULA: Ah! Sit down, my dear. (JENNY DOES, OCCUPYING HERSELF WITH GETTING OUT A NOTEBOOK ETC) my mother was related to the House of Czernick - a house that has played its part in history. (SMILING) In a way you might say I am a bastard aristocrat. And you are the daughter of a Trade Union official - so we needn't waste time holding our respective back-grounds against each other. I'll make tea. (SHE MOVES HER BAG AWAY FROM JENNY) No, we'll have coffee. (SHE SWITCHES ON A PERCOLATOR AND PUTS A GUN INTO THE KETTLE, UNSEEN BY JENNY) I've been reading your curriculum vitae. I notice you have no family.

JENNY: No.

PAULA: (SLOWLY) Was your brother's...death justified?

JENNY: (SHOCKED) No!

PAULA: No - war is justified? You would not agree with Aquinas that there is such a thing as a Holy War? (JENNY STARES) We are speaking objectively you understand - lots of people would say that in the struggle of ideas, some ideas are better than others. Do...ideas interest you?

JENNY: As long as people don't suffer.

PAULA: Ah! But one can't have war without death.

JENNY: Then why have war?

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PAULA: - For the sake of ideas. As I say, some people believe in a superior idealogy; even a cultural elite.

JENNY: Do you?

PAULA: I'm a don, not a politician or philosopher, my dear. But as you said yourself in your essay, it is insufficient men that corrupts ideas, not ideas men. History is full of unfulfilled ideas - even Mussolini in his letters...(THE PERCOLATOR BUBBLES: SHE PREPARES COFFEE) (ABSTRACTED) We shall have to read him together.

JENNY: You believe then that...some deaths are necessary.

PAULA: (A BEAT) In special circumstances yes?

PAULA, OUT OF JENNY'S SIGHT, DROPS TWO SMALL TABLETS INTO JENNY'S CUP, THEN TURNS TO HER.

Black or white, my dear?

JENNY: White, please.

PAULA POURS THE COFFEE AND HANDS JENNY A CUP. SHE THEN SITS DOWN.

PAULA: Well now, I'm afraid it's my turn to upset timetables.

JENNY LOOKS AT HER.

I'll have to ask you to go. (SMILES) When you've finished your coffee.

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JENNY DRINKS.

PAULA: (CONT/D) (SMILES AGAIN) There's no great rush, my dear. But I have a rather important, thought totally unexpected assignment.

JENNY: That's all right. I do understand. It's my fault anyway. Shall I phone tomorrow?

PAULA: You can always try.

29. EXT. TAXI. DAY.

LONELY: How long do I have to keep this taxi, Mr. Callan. Only it worries me. What if the Cops stop me?

CALLAN: You're scared, Lonely.

LONELY: That's right, Mr. -

CALLAN: How much ?

LONELY: Another twenty-five.

CALLAN GIVES HIM THE MONEY AND PUSHES HIM TO THE DOOR.

LONELY: Do I stay in the waggon?

CALLAN: I've got a call to make - Git!

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LONELY GOES.

FILM

30. EXT. DAY. KINGSTON.

WE SEE JENNY, LAUGHING, BEING LAUNCHED IN HER CANOE...SHE DOES WELL...OTHER CANOES ARE ALREADY ON THE RIVER.... CONTENTMENT, YOUTH, LAUGHTER.

END OF FILM.

31. INT. HQ. DAY.

HUNTER TALKING TO CALLAN ON PHONE. ON HUNTER'S DESK THE PHOTOSTAT OF PAULA GOODMAN.

HUNTER: Gould's dead. Gas pellets in a closed atmosphere. Eleven o'clock last night. He looked quite nasty.

PAUSE.

CALLAN: (D) Poor bastard.

HUNTER: He'd so far contacted two people - your nurse and her tutor. Where's your girl now?

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FILM

32. LEXT. KINGSTON. DAY.

PEOPLE RUN TO A CERTAIN SPOT AS MEMBERS OF THE CLUB HURRIEDLY BRING THE LIMP BODY OF JENNY ASHORE. SOMEONE TRIES THE KISS OF LIFE. A DREADFUL SILENCE. JENNY IS DEAD.

END OF FILM.

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33. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. DAY

CALLAN: (A BEAT) She's clean. I was with her last night, Charlie.

HUNTER: (D) Then she's nowhere where she can harm or be harmed, I hope.

CALLAN: Who's the operator?

HUNTER: (D) Dr. Paula Goodman?

CALLAN: It fits.

HIS FACE SHOWS PANIC AND CONCERN.

HUNTER: I've got her picture here. I'll want her Callan. Fast. Even more, I need to know who's behind her.

CALLAN: She knows about me.

HUNTER: That's your worry. Be careful. No mess. You can enquire after Nurse Lawther's progress. Contact as soon as you can. You'll be covered.

THE PHONE GOES DOWN. CALLAN LOOKS AT HIS WATCH.

CALLAN: (SOV) If she can do that to Gould, Jenny girl, you're in right trouble.

HE RAPIDLY COLLECTS THE GUN FROM THE DRAWER, PUTS IT INSIDE HIS JACKET. THE DOOR BUZZES. HE REPLACES THE GUN.

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CALLAN: (SOV) Thank God for that.

IT BUZZES AGAIN. HE UNLOCKS IT, STANDING TO ONE SIDE OF HABIT.

PAULA: (OV) Mr. Callan?

HE SLIPS THE CHAIN AND SHE STANDS FRAMED IN THE DOORWAY.

PAULA: I'm. Dr. Goodman. I'm afraid I've got some awful news for you.

CALLAN: What?

PAULA: (GENTLY) Jenny. Jenny Lawther. She was a friend of yours?

END OF ACT TWO:

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PART THREE

33A INT. WALKER'S OFFICE. EVENING.

WALKER ON PHONE.

WALKER: Hunter? Look, I know you don't want me round there but there is something I'd like to talk to you about..... Jenny Lawther.....Yes, but something's turned up in her records.....Will you? .....I'd be most grateful.

HE PUTS PHONE DOWN.

34. INT. HUNTER'S OFFICE. EVENING.

MERES AND HUNTER LOOK AT PAULA'S PHOTO.

HUNTER: That's the shark.

MERES: Has she got a labour permit?

HUNTER: She's on an exchange-lectureship from Strasbourg. Six months, French passport. German Historians who can lecture on the Second World War are worth their weight in gold. (SOFTLY) Trouble is - she probably agrees with old Adolph,

MERES: And now they're working for the Arabs?

HUNTER IS EVASIVE.

HUNTER: Let's just say they've got the old Second World War score to settle.

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MERES: How long's she been here?

HUNTER: Five months. One to go and no chance of a renewal.

MERES: Then she must be getting desperate. Why not pull her in sir?

HUNTER: I'm sure there's someone beyond her, Meres. She'd no more soften up than Bremer did - and he only told us what he had to tell us. Get us worried. No. I want her cover. Any ideas?

MERES: No.

HUNTER: Callan must push Goodman and draw her cover. He's already in touch. Go with him, Meres.

MERES TURNS TO GO.

Oh, and by the way, Nurse Lawther's dead.

MERES: Dead sir?

HUNTER HANDS HIM A REPORT WHICH HE GLANCES AT.

Does Callan know, sir?

HUNTER: I doubt it. You can tell him.

MERES: Thank you very much, sir.

HE TURNS TO GO AGAIN.

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HUNTER: If you need me I shall be with Walker at Mander.

MERES: I thought you were staying here, sir?

HUNTER: He's found something in Nurse Lawther's records which might help us. I would send you, Meres, but I really think it's more important you should support Callan.

35. INT. LANDING. EVE.

CALLAN ARRIVES BEFORE HIS DOOR: SEES THE THREAD BROKEN AND LIGHT ON. HE CHECKS HIS GUN AND PUSHES THE DOOR: THE LIGHT GOES OUT. CALLAN SWEATS AND TREMBLES: THEN HE DIVES AT THE DOOR, SWITCHES ON THE LIGHT, DIVE ROLLS ACROSS THE FLOOR AND ENDS UP -

36. INT. CALLAN'S FLAT. EVE.

POINTING HIS GUN AT MERES WHO IS AGAINST THE FAR WALL. POINTING HIS GUN AT CALLAN MERES SMILES.

MERES: Naughty. You'll do yourself an injury.

CALLAN CLOSES HIS EYES: HE'S BEEN WITHIN A WHISKER OF KILLING MERES.

CALLAN: You don't know how lucky you are mate. I don't miss.

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MERES: But you did.

CALLAN: Next time I won't bother. (HE GETS UP) What you on?

MERES: You are about to collaborate. The old man wants Goodman's cover; not just her.

CALLAN: I know.

MERES: She's international property, apparently - and a killer.

CALLAN LOOKS AT HIM.

You're nurse!

CALLAN: Who told you?

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MERES: Special Branch. Somebody doped her with an anaesthetic. She must've gone to sleep and drowned. I'm sorry.

CALLAN GETS HIMSELF AND MERES A DRINK

CALLAN: So's Goodman. She came round to tell me. All innocence.

MERES: You let her go?

CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD

CALLAN: I'm going round to her place, in a minute, to have a quiet cry on her shoulder. She thinks I'm depressed.

MERES: Hunter wants me to go with you.

CALLAN: No. I must be alone. We wouldn't get near her if there were two of us. Go and sit with 'sir' instead and take your knitting.

MERES: He's gone to see Walker.

CALLAN: Who's covering him?

MERES: (SHRUGS) Fergesson. You know the old man.

CALLAN: Get after him, Toby. I'll look after Dr. Goodman.

EXT. ROAD OUTSIDE MANDER

HUNTER'S CAR PULLS UP. FERGESSON GETS OUT,

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FOLLOWED BY HUNTER

FERGESSON: Shall I come with you sir?

HUNTER: No. I shan't be long.

38. INT. PAULA'S FLAT. NIGHT

A SMALL READING LAMP IS ON IN ONE CORNER. A KNOCK AT THE DOOR. SILENCE. ANOTHER KNOCK.. SILENCE. THEN WE HEAR THE LOCK BEING PICKED: IT SWINGS PARTY OPEN AND CALLAN MOVES IN, RELOCKING THE DOOR. HE STANDS FOR A MOMENT THEN MOVES QUICKLY AROUND, SEARCHING DRAWERS ETC. FINALLY IN THE KITCHEN HE LOOKS IN THE ELECTRIC KETTLE, TAKES OUT A GUN, EXAMINES IT. IT'S LOADED, HE PULLS A FACE AND REPLACES IT. HE MOVES TO THE TINY ADJACENT BATHROOM, TAKES THE TOOTHPASTE TOP OFF AND SMELLS IT: IT'S O.K. HE'S BAFFLED.

CALLAN: (S.O.V.) Come on old girl - guns in kettles went out with the flood!

HE GOES BACK INTO THE MAIN ROOM

INT. WALKER'S OFFICE. NIGHT

HUNTER AND WALKER. HUNTER MOVING, AS IF HAVING JUST COME IN.

HUNTER: It's more like a hotel than a hospital, Walker. No wonder the Treasury queries your bills.

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WALKER REVEALS A GUN. SHOOTS HUNTER DOWN, POINT BLANK. H UNSCREWS SILENCER AND LOOKS AT BODY.

WALKER: You should've stayed in your office, Hunter, shouldn't you?

INT. PAULA'S FLAT. NIGHT

THE BEDSIDE CLOCK SHOWS 11.25. CALLAN GOES AGAIN TO HER DESK AND OPENS A SMALL DRAWER, LIPSTICK. WINDS IT UP AND SMELLS IT. IT'S O.K. HE REPLACES IT, THEN, SECOND THOUGHT HE WINDS THE BOTTOM: STILL NOTHING: HE SHRUGS, HE'S BEATEN.

CALLAN: (S.O.V.) If the pellets aren't here old love they must be on you. If you come in with a bag - it'll be backs to the wall.

FAINT SOUNDS OF LIFT WORKING.
CALLAN MOVES TO THE DOOR AND PUTS THE DOOR ON THE CATCH: THEN SITS. WE HEAR STEPS. THEN A KEY BEING PLACED BUT THE DOOR SWINGS OPEN: PAULA GOODMAN ENTERS. SURPRISED. HER EYES HARDEN MOMENTARILY AS SHE SEES CALLAN: IT'S ALL A SMOOTH GAME.

PAULA: Mr. Callan.

CALLAN: (APOLOGETICALLY STANDING) Doctor. The door was open. I came in. You said I could.

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PAULA: Of course.

SHE TAKES HER COAT OFF AND DUMPS IT, PUTTING HER BAG DOWN CAREFULLY.

PAULA: Do you sit on committees, Mr. Callan?

CALLAN: No.

PAULA: I've spent the whole evening arguing over the value of medieval studies.

CALLAN: Get away.

PAULA: Being a visiting lecturer one's opinions, I'm afraid, count for little where policy is concerned.

CALLAN: What did you want?

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PAULA: The twentieth century surely the most vital past of history is the one that one is in the process of mak - (PAUSES) living.

CALLAN: I just live.

PAULA: The fact that you're alive makes you a part of history.

CALLAN: What's the point of living when your bird's dead.

PAULA: Coffee. (CALLAN NODS) How can I help you?

CALLAN 'ALLOWS' HER TO GO TO THE KETTLE: BUT SHE JUST PLUGS IN A PERCOLATER.

CALLAN: I....been round the cops.

PAULA: I-I'm afraid I haven't had the time -

CALLAN: They reckon it was foul play.

PAULA: Do they?

CALLAN: You see. I reckon it was foul play.

PAULA: Do they?

CALLAN: You see. I reckon it was someone in the clinic. They didn't want her to go.

PAULA: Why?

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CALLAN: Whoever knocked her off; they were afraid she'd let on, about what went on there.

PAULA: (A BEAT) and....what was that?

CALLAN: She told me a lot.

THE TELEPHONE RINGS. PAULA LOOKS QUICKLY AT HER WATCH, SLIGHTLY VEXED.

PAULA: Excuse me.

SHE TAKES THE PHONE WITH HER.

PAULA: 998 4265....oh have you? Only two left then?../.I can't - I've someone here with me - an old friend ....no, you'll have to bring the books round - oh could you! (LOOKING AT WATCH) no, of course it's not too late... (SMILING AT CALLAN) I'd like you to meet him...he's rather special..like you to meet him.

CALLAN: (HE TAKES THE PHONE FROM HER AND RIPS OUT THE LEAD) Why kill Jenny? (PAULA LOOKS AT THE TORN SOCKET) no - you can't stop him coming.

PAULA: One against one, Callan.

CALLAN: Gould knew what the risks were, but why Jenny?

CALLAN 'ALLOWS' HER TO WALK THE ROOM.

PAULA: Jenny was a toy, Callan, a doll. Not a talking doll, not a walking doll, but a listening doll. A doll with an ear for

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PAULA: (CONT/D) private phone calls. No intelligence, no brain, nothing to catch the obscene English, plastic exterior - just a reporting doll. To be wound up and taught to walk back to - (SHE SUDDENLY SMILES) Who? That worries you doesn't it Callan? Which side was she on. Was.... she....one of us, but expendible.. or was she clean?

CALLAN: She's dead. So what.

PAULA: You'll never know. How galling.

THE PERCOLATOR BUBBLES.

CALLAN: May I?

CALLAN PULLS OUT THE PLUG AND MOVES THE KETTLE: SHE PREPARES TWO CUPS.

PAULA: Why don't you kill me now?

CALLAN: We want your cover.

PAULA: We work alone.

CALLAN: The one bringing the books over?

(SHE REACHES FOR THE FRIDGE BUT CALLAN HANDS HER THE MILK)

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PAULA: Thank you. Sugar? (CALLAN SHAKES HIS HEAD. SHE FINISHES) Let's be civilised and sit down. (SHE SITS. HE MOVES HER BAG OUT OF HER REACH)

CALLAN: The moment you reach for your pellets, I'll kill you.

PAULA: Pellets, Mr. Callan! How melodramatic. (BUT SHE IS LOSING COMPOSURE) (SILENCE) Now what?

CALLAN: We wait for your visitor.

PAULA: Either you're very courageous or very stupid, Callan. (HE LOOKS AT HER) Do you want to die?

CALLAN: Just drink your coffee, Dr.

PAULA: He'll kill you, you know.

CALLAN: Who's he?

SHE SMILES

PAULA: You're very nervous, aren't you?

CALLAN: Am I?

THE LIFT IS HEARD. PAULA LOOKS ROUND ANXIOUSLY A MOMENT.

PAULA: I don't want to die, Callan.

CALLAN: Nor did Jenny.

THE LIFT STOPS. A MOMENT LATER THERE IS A KNOCK ON THE DOOR. CALLAN MOTIONS TO PAULA TO GO TO IT. HE COVERS HER AND FOLLOWS, MOVING TO THE BLIND SIDE OF THE DOOR WHEN HE GETS THERE.

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SHE OPENS THE DOOR. WALKER ENTERS, CARRYING BOOKS. CALLAN MOVES BEHIND HIM AND CLOSES DOOR. THEY ALL MOVE INTO ROOM.

CALLAN: Who are you?

WALKER TURNS TO HIM BUT SAYS NOTHING. PAULA AND WALKER ARE SIDE BY SIDE NOW.

Come on, come on. Who are you?

WALKER: A friend of Dr. Goodman's. Who are you? (SMILES)

CALLAN: We'll put the books,down, shall we?

WALKER SUDDENLY THROWS THE BOOKS AT CALLAN WHO DIVES OUT OF THE WAY AS WALKER GRABS PAULA AND,USING HER AS COVER, GETS QUICKLY OUT OF THE LINE OF CALLAN'S FIRE. CALLAN IS NOW BEHIND THE SETTEE. HE HAS NO CLEAR VIEW OF WALKER AND DARE NOT REVEAL HIMSELF.

WE HEAR THE LIFT AGAIN.

IT STOPS. A MOMENT LATER KNOCK ON THE DOOR. SILENCE. ANOTHER KNOCK.

MERES: (V/O) Callan? Are you there?

DURING THIS BRIEF DISTRACTION CALLAN HAS CREPT FORWARD TO GRAB THE COFFEE POT OFF THE TABLE. HE THROWS IT AND LEAPS FORWARD AT THE SAME TIME. PAULA DODGES TO AVOID THE POT, THROWING WALKER OFF GUARD. CALLAN KNOCKS THE GUN FROM WALKER'S HAND. ONCE HE HAS SAFELY COVERED THEM BOTH AGAIN HE OPENS THE DOOR TO LET MERES IN.

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MERES WALKS IN LOOKS AT WALKER.

MERES: (SMILING) Dr. Walker I presume?

CALLAN REACTS

CALLAN: Get the lady's coat, Toby. We're going. (MERES DOES SO AND HELPS PAULA INTO IT. WALKER MOVES TO COLLECT HIS BOOKS OFF THE FLOOR) You won't be needing those, mate.

THEY TURN TOWARDS THE DOOR. WALKER MAKES A DIVE FOR THE LIGHTS. CALLAN FIRES AS WALKER CROSSES IN FRONT OF PAULA WHO IS OPENING HER HANDBAG AND REMOVING LIPSTICK. MERES PUSHES HER AWAY AND GRABS WALKER. PAULA LIES DEAD, LIPSTICK IN HER HAND.

MERES: Clumsy Callan. She wanted to look nice.

CALLAN TAKES THE LIPSTICK FROM PAULA'S HAND. IT IS NORMAL. HE GOES TO THE BAG AND TAKES OUT ANOTHER LIPSTICK, BEGINS TO RAISE THE CAP AND RATTLES IT UNDER WALKER'S NOSE. HE IS TERRIFIED.

WALKER: She was defenceless.

CALLAN: Yes mate. And so was Jenny. (HE PUSHES WALKER TOWARDS THE DOOR AND TURNS TO MERES) I thought you were covering Hunter!

MERES: Hunter's dead, Callan.

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CALLAN: What?

CALLAN CLOSES HIS EYES IN EXASPERATION.

MERES: Shot. Point blank.

CALLAN: Long Live Hunter.

THE END

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